

Inbox (1)

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE CENTRE - NIGHT

Typical office decor. Fifty computers sit atop five rows of desks.

FREDDY (20's) clothes too small, rubber duck tie, taps away at one of the computers.

CHRISTINA (20's) dainty, flowery dress, strolls over, enthusiastically waving at Freddy. Freddy stares at her face.

CHRISTINA
(Loud and Pronounced)
Good evening Freddy, How are you?

Freddy, slightly annoyed.

FREDDY
I've told you before, you can speak normally, I can read lips.

Christina goes red.

CHRISTINA
Right, sorry. I keep forgetting.

FREDDY
Well, please remember next time.

CHRISTINA
Sorry.

Christina scuttles off. She sits at a computer a couple of rows ahead.

ERIC (20'S) slicked hair, moves behind Freddy. JAMES (18) ordinary, and DANIELLE (18) sour faced, on his flanks.

ERIC
Hey Freddy you absolute prick. You stupid mother fucking deaf knob head.

James and Danielle giggle.

Freddy spots them in the reflection of his computer screen.

Eric, James and Danielle sit at their respective computers.

IAN (40's) Scruffy clothes, unkempt hair and beard, bloodshot eyes. Stands at the front of the desks.

IAN

Guys, none of us want to be here,
but it's our turn to do the shit
shift, so, just don't give me any
trouble, okay?

Ian heads straight for Freddy. Freddy doesn't look at him.

IAN (CONT'D)

Freddy, Freddy! Fuck sake.

Ian clicks his fingers right in front of Freddy's face.

Freddy reluctantly turns to look at him.

IAN (CONT'D)

You are on thin ice. We have
received eleven more complaints
this week. We are customer
services, be nice.

Ian sits behind a desk, pulls out a small flask and takes a
swig. He leans back, gets comfy, pulls out a newspaper.

Freddy discreetly sticks hi middle finger up to Ian.

Freddy roots through a drawer, pops open the lid to a pill
bottle and chucks one of it's contents into his mouth.

Freddy goes back to his computer.

POV: FREDDY - NO SOUND WHILST IN POV OF FREDDY

He opens up the emails.

Inbox (523)

He opens up one of the emails:

*"Hello. I was told my parcel would arrive today. I have not
received. Please can you check when it will arrive, thanks"*

Freddy types away.

Inbox (411).

Another email:

*"Parcel arrived today, broken. This is unacceptable, send out
a replacement, now"*

Freddy types.

Inbox (201)

"Absolute fraudsters, I will be reporting you to trading standards"

Freddy types his reply.

"Go ahead you absolute fuck monkey, see If I give a shit..."

Freddy deletes what he wrote, types again.

"Very sorry we fell below the standard on this occasion..."

Inbox (55)

Freddy types away.

Inbox (1)

BACK TO SCENE:

Freddy rotates his neck, it clicks. He rubs his eyes, looks around the room. The others are busy tapping away on their computers.

Ian, Newspaper over his face, feint snores from underneath.

Freddy opens up the last email.

"I fucking hate you!"

Freddy chuckles. He types.

"I fucking hate you too"

Freddy deletes his reply, types again.

"I am very sorry you feel that way. If you could please let us know the problem, we will do our best to address it"

Inbox (0)

Freddy stretches, stands up. He looks back at his screen.

Inbox (1)

Freddy sighs, sits back down. Opens up the new email.

"YOU are the problem. I wish you didn't exist"

Freddy types.

"We do not tolerate abuse of our staff. If you would like to discuss the issue, please do so in a civilised manner"

Another email pops into his inbox.

"That Tie choice, ugly. Why the fuck would you want ducks on a tie?"

Freddy's eyes widen. He looks at his tie. Types his reply.

"Who is this?"

An instant reply.

"Someone far better than a piece of shit like you"

Freddy looks up from his computer, scans the room. Eric catches his eye.

Freddy storms over to him, forcefully wheels around Eric's chair.

ERIC

Jesus, what the fuck?

FREDDY

What's wrong with my tie? I know it's you!

Eric, confused.

ERIC

What are you talking about? You absolute psychopath.

FREDDY

So fucking immature.

ERIC

Get the fuck away from me you--

Eric covers his mouth with his hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)

-Stupid deaf cunt.

Freddy lands a punch onto Eric's nose. He recoils in pain.

DANIELLE

Woah!

James rushes over, pushes Freddy back. Eric holds his nose, blood trickles between his fingers.

ERIC

Fuck!

James tries to get a look at Eric's nose.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Don't touch me!

Eric storms off out of a door.

Freddy looks at the others, they stare back at him.

DANIELLE

Ian, Ian! Wake up you lazy git!

Ian doesn't move.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Freddy, you need to leave.

FREDDY

(To Danielle)

No, no, I'm sorry, I'm not--

JAMES

-sane--

FREDDY

-violent, usually, I'm just--

JAMES

-Cuckoo--

Freddy spots James mouth moving in his peripherals. He wheels to him.

FREDDY

D-d-d-don't talk to me when I'm not looking, OK? It's rude, it's just rude.

JAMES

Just go home. Ian will deal with you tomorrow after we have reported you.

Freddy clenches every muscle. Eye's look like they will pop.

All of the lights and monitors flicker off. Pitch black.

Only the monitors come back on. Everyone has gone except for Freddy and Ian, still slumped in the chair.

Freddy looks around, confused.

The monitors flicker off. Pitch black. All of the lights flicker back on. Danielle, James and Christina back in their seats, typing away.

Danielle looks up to Freddy, they lock eyes.

DANIELLE

Freddy? I thought you were going home?

Freddy nods, goes back to his station. Freddy takes the pills from the drawer, pops another into his mouth.

Freddy goes to put his coat on, but is distracted by his monitor.

Inbox (1)

Freddy sits and opens the new email.

"Hahahahaha. That was funny! I still hate you though"

Freddy frantically looks at the others in the room. Panicked.

Freddy stands up.

FREDDY

Whichever one of you morons is emailing me. Stop it, It's not fucking funny.

Everyone turns, stares.

The lights and computer screens flicker off. Pitch black. The monitors flicker back on.

Everyone, other than Ian and Freddy, has gone.

The monitors flicker off. All the lights and monitors flicker back on. Danielle, James and Christina are back at their computers, typing away.

Freddy breaths heavy, rubs his eyes.

He sits down, taps at the keyboard.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

An instant reply. The email contains a picture of a portrait, but the person in it has been blacked out and a big white question mark placed on top. There's a message below.

"Brothers and Sisters, I have none. But the man in the portrait is my fathers son"

ON JAMES

JAMES
(to Danielle and
Christina)
Eric's been gone a while. I'll
check on him, keep your eye on that
freak. He's acting weirder than
usual.

They look at Freddy, he's grinning menacingly at his
computer.

James leaves.

POV: FREDDY

He watches James leave.

The lights and monitors flicker off. pitch black. Monitors
back on, everyone except Ian and Freddy has gone.

The portrait in the email turns into a portrait of Freddy. A
knife moves across his screen and slits the throat of
portrait Freddy, he clutches his throat, blood pours through
his fingers.

The monitors flicker off. Lights and monitors Back on.
Danielle and Christina at their computers, typing.

Freddy storms over and sits at James computer.

He checks his sent items, scrolling through. None sent to
him.

Freddy huffs.

The lights and monitors flicker off. Only James's monitor
comes back on.

The screen is white. Writing sprawls out across it, one word
repeated several times. DIE.

The screen goes dark. Pitch black. The lights and monitors
flicker back on.

Christina's face is right in front of his. Freddy jumps.

BACK TO SCENE:

CHRISTINA
Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.
What are you doing?

Freddy looks around, Danielle is at her computer staring at them both.

FREDDY
I don't know. I should go home.

DANIELLE
I think we should all go home. I'll
go tell the boys.

Danielle heads towards the door, she gives Ian a swift kick to the leg as she passes.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Wake up you moron!

Ian doesn't move. Danielle leaves.

Freddy walks back to his computer. He stops next to his bin. Inside, two pills rest on the bottom in a pool of saliva.

Freddy closes his eyes, rubs his temples.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A knock on the door.

DANIELLE
You in here? Pull your pants up,
I'm coming in.

Danielle leans her head around the door. SCREAM. Blood curdling.

Eric and James are slumped against the wall. Throats slit, covered in blood.

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE CENTRE - NIGHT

Freddy, eyes closed, rubs his temples.

Christina runs for the door and bumps into a frantic Danielle, sobbing.

DANIELLE
He killed them, he killed them.

Danielle points at Freddy.

All of the lights go out. Pitch black. All of the monitors turn back on.

Everyone has gone, except for Freddy and Ian.

Freddy opens his eyes. He looks around, checks the monitors, all sprawled with the same word. DIE.

Freddy tentatively moves towards Ian.

FREDDY

Ian?

He gets closer.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Ian? Time to wake up now please.

Standing over him. Freddy reaches out a hand, he gets hold of the newspaper.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Ian?

POV: FREDDY

Freddy removes the newspaper.

Ian's bulging blank eyes stare back at him. A wire wrapped tightly around his neck.

Freddy recoils.

VOICE

You're next Freddy boy.

Freddy wheels around. No one there.

VOICE (CONT'D)

He-He. This is fun. No? Who did it?
Danielle? Nope, she's dead.

Freddy turns in circles, frantic.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Check the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door slowly creaks open. Freddy peers his head inside.

Slumped against the wall, Eric, James, Danielle, throats slit.

Freddy, horrified, retreats back.

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE CENTRE - NIGHT

Freddy runs into the room.

POV: FREDDY

Freddy frantically looks around.

VOICE

Psssst. She's behind you.

Freddy wheels around. Cristina pounces on him, knife in hand.

BACK TO SCENE:

They fall to the ground, Cristina on top, she tries to push the knife into him, he manages to hold it back.

FREDDY

Stop! What are you doing, get off!

Freddy pushes her off, she falls onto her side.

They get up at the same time. Stare at each other. Cristina's eyes are red, her face wet with tears.

VOICE

You or her buddy. Personally, I'm hoping it's you.

Cristina screams, charges for Freddy. He flips her over, she crashes into the ground.

Freddy backs off.

Cristina gets up, turns to Freddy. The knife protruding out of her neck.

She falls to her knees, keels over.

Freddy pants, holds his head.

All of the monitors turn off. Pitch black.

His monitor turns on.

Freddy tentatively approaches, sits at his desk.

The monitor displays his sent emails. All of the unknown emails he received, in his sent box.

Top of the monitor displays

Inbox (1)

Freddy opens the new email. A video. He clicks play.

ON MONITOR

Freddy sits in his work chair, he laughs, the laugh turns into a cackle.

He raises a hand, it clutches a knife, he wipes tears from his eyes. His laughs grow louder.

BACK TO SCENE:

Freddy watches the video of himself, horrified. Horror turns to a smile, the smile turns to a cackle.

Freddy laughs along with himself in the video. He wipes tears away from his eyes.

FADE OUT.